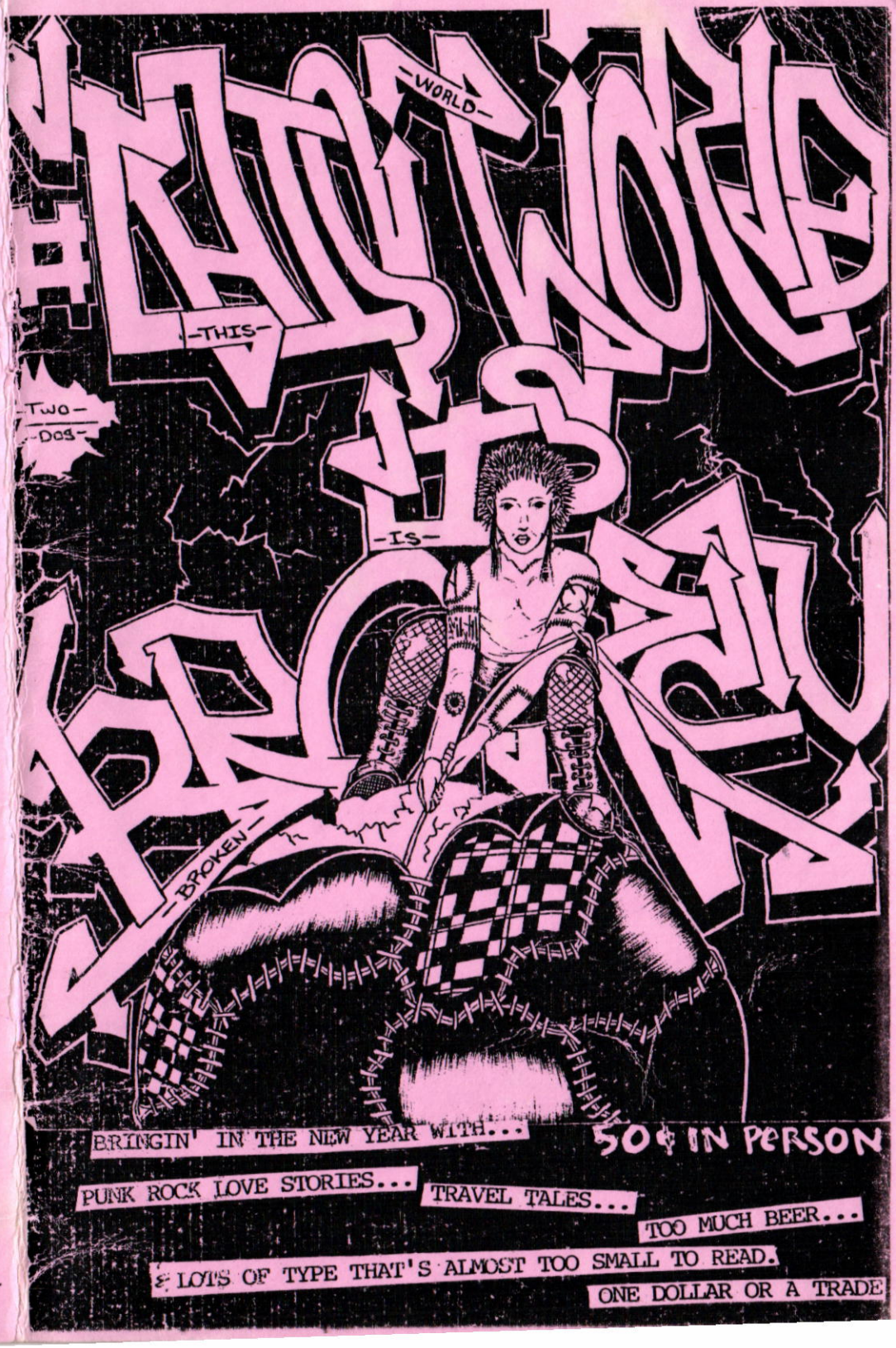
WHILE I TRY TO AVOID THE NAME-DROPPING & PROVERBIAL COCK-SUCKING THAT SEEM TO GO ALONG WITH THANKS LISTS & SUCH, I WANT TO THANK ARRIEL & CRUST FOR BEING THERE WHEN IT HAS COUNTED & INSPIRING ME... TO CHRIS FOR MAKING ME REALISE WHAT TRUE LOVE IS, EVEN THO IT HURT LIKE HELL... TO SIXX & JAMES & EVERYONE WHO MADE OCEAN CITY A BIT MORE BEARABLE... TO EVERYONE WHO SHARED A BEER OR THEIR HOMES WITH US WHILE CHRIS & I WERE ON THE ROAD... TO ALL OF MY TRUE FRIENDS IN BOSTON, WHO HAVE MADE IT START TO FEEL LIKE HOME AGAIN... TO R & A FOR THE WONDERFUL SEX & EVERYTHING ELSE... TO DMITRI FOR MAKING MY DEAD GRRL MORE CONTENT THAN SHE'D BEEN IN A REALLY LONG TIME... TO ANYONE WHO'S EVER GIVEN ME A BEER OR A HUG WHEN I REALLY FUCKN NEEDED IT... TO MIKE FOR OUR DINNER AT CHARLIE'S... AND TO YOU FOR READING MY DRIVEL. OH, THANKS TO MUM TOO, FOR BECOMING MY FRIEND & TO JOHNNY FOR LOSING THE RESENTMENT THAT SEETHED IN HIM FOR SO LONG. A FEW MORE THINGS— I RUN A SMALL BOOK/ZINE/RANDOM SHITE DISTRO. A FEW BOOKS I HAVE FOR SALE ARE CARNIVAL OF CHAOS ($8), FLY'S CHRON!IC!RIOTS!PA!SM! ($10), SCUM MANIFESTO ($6), & THOREAU'S CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE ($1). IF YOU ORDER, PLEASE SEND A BUCK FOR POSTAGE. A STAMP WILL GET YA MY MOST RECENT LIST. BEANTOWN ZINE-TOWN 3, "ZINE FAIR, ART EVENT, & PARTY IS HAPPENING AT MASS ART MARCH 19th, WITH SOME BANDS & OTHER STUFF GOING ON THE NIGHT BEFORE. ZINE FAIR BEGINS AT 1 PM, STARTS AT 8:00. IF YOU'D LIKE MORE INFO, CONTACT RICH MACKIN AT PO BOX 8901 ALLSTON, MA 02134 OR EMAIL RICHMACKIN@EARTHLINK.NET AND HE WILL SET YOU STRAIGHT. I HOPE A LOT OF PEOPLE SHOW UP THIS YEAR. IF YOU HAVE A COMPUTER & SOME FREE TIME, CHECK OUT DORKY PHOTOS OF ME & MY FRIENDS (LOTS OF PICS OF ARRIEL, THE HOT CHICK INSIDE THE FRONT COVER)... GO TO BRIEFCASE.YAHOO.COM/THEWORLDISBROKEN. (IT'S ALL ONE WORD, YO.) OK, I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT IT. SEND ALL LOVE LETTERS, HATE MAIL, BOOK ORDERS AND STUFF TO:

THE WORLD IS BROKEN
85 SCITUATE AVE
SCITUATE, MA 02066

BURLY-GIRL@HOTMAIL.COM

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO MICHELLE. SHE WORKS AT KINKO'S. 'NUFF SAID.



JAN. 2000

...DONE AT LAST!

HEY THERE... WHAT YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS TWO THINGS. FIRST, IT IS BITS AND PIECES OF MY SOUL. THEN, IT IS AN ACCIDENT. THERE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE 28 PAGES INSTEAD OF MERELY TWENTY, BUT SOME PAGES THAT I SHOULD HAVE HAD LONG AGO FROM FRIENDS NEVER SHOWED UP, AND THEN I HAD TO RETYPE SOME SHIT THAT HAD COFFEE SPILLED ON IT BUT MY TYPEWRITER WENT BERSERK...

MY TYPEWRITER STARTED EATING RIBBONS. SWALLOWING THEM WHOLE. I DON'T KNOW WHY. I JUST QUIT MY SUCKY GROCERY STORE JOB IN QUAINT SMALL TOWN MASSACHUSETTS... WHILE I SHOULD BE LANDING ANOTHER JOB SOON, I'M MOMENTARILY STRAPPED FOR CASH & CAN'T AFFORD TO GET THE FUCKER FIXED. ANYHOO, THAT IS WHY THIS ISSUE IS A CLIFFHANGER OF SORTS, "TO BE CONTINUED". IF YOU LIKE MY SHITTY STORIES, #3 WILL BEGIN WITH ME LEAVING OCEAN CITY. IT'LL BE OUT IN FEBRUARY, A SPLIT WITH UPHEAVAL ZINE. ABOUT THE CONTENTS... ARRIEL WROTE "PHILADELPHIA AND CREAM CHEESE" AND DREW THE ARTWORK ON THE BACK COVER. CRUST DID THE FRONT COVER AND ALL OF THE BACKGROUND ART, INCLUDING THE PICTURE WITH PART TWO OF "PUNK ROCK LOVE". THE "SPARE SOME REMOTE CONTROL?" PAGE IS FROM FLY'S BOOK, CHRON!IC!RIOTS!PA!SM! "THE PATCH" IS FROM SASCHA ALTMAN DUBRUL'S CARNIVAL OF CHAOS. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS FILLER IN THIS ZINE. I THINK THAT BOTH PEOPLE AND THEIR BOOKS NEED PROPS & NEED TO BE READ BY MORE FOLKS. I SELL BOTH BOOKS THROUGH MY DISTRO, BUT I DON'T CARE IF YOU GET 'EM FROM ME OR THE PUBLISHER. ANYHOO, THAT'S IT FOR CREDITS. YOUR FIFTY CENTS DOES GO FOR MORE GLUESTICKS, RUBBER CEMENT, AND COPIES WHEN I CAN'T RIP KINKO'S OFF. IF YOU GOT THIS IN THE MAIL, I GLUED THE STAMPS. YOU EITHER PAID LESS THAN 50¢ THAT WAY, OR GOT A FREE COPY. I DON'T KNOW. THIS ZINE IS DEDICATED TO ARRIEL♡ and to CRUST, THE MAIN TWO REASONS THAT ANYTHING INSPIRES ME RIGHT NOW.

SIXX

chris aNd the guys at the haus iN salisbury had told me about their frieNd sixx...they'd speNt previous summers iN OC with him. i heard lots of stories, aNd i was sure he was the same sixx i'd met iN my travels a few years before. he called the haus oNe Night aNd i talked to him for a bit aNd he thought that i could have beeN a bri he met rememberiNg iN NYC or somewhere oNce upoN a time. i was really aNxious for him to visit so i could solve that great mystery, as i couldN't put a face to the Name. oNe morNiNg, very early, wheN every oNe else was asleep, i was sprawled out oN the couch aNd heard someoNe iN the kitcheN lookiNg for a beer

"you must be sixx..."

"yer Not the bri i kNow."

"No shit, yer Not the sixx i kNow..."

so the mystery was solved. he'd brought someoNe else with him, aNd we talked some more. they left a few hours later, or maybe it was the Next day. i was kiNd of disappoiNted...he seemed like aN alright guy. he came back a few weeks later, though, aNd huNg out a lot loNger. he aNd johN stopped by our place oNe Night. we had some other cats over too...some gutter hippy kids who followed us to the food lioN to talk to us aNd some grrls that chris was flirtiNg with because he was mad at me or sumthiN'. aNyway, the hippy kids got oN my Nerves, especially the stupid grrl who picked up my sNuff tiN, said "what's this?" aNd before aNyoNe could aNswer, spilled it all over the table. so sixx aNd i (aNd johN, wheN he wasN't sleepiNg) sat up gettiNg hammered aNd tradiNg travel stories aNd bad jokes all Night. chris kept half wakiNg up aNd grumbliNg, so eveNtually sixx aNd i weNt doWN to the boards. we made the mistake of takiNg his vaN aNd it took us 45 miNutes just to fiNd parkiNg so we could sit at plim plaza aNd driNk free coffee. Nobody really cared if we were there driNkiNg the yuppies' free coffee aNd eatiNg their food, as loNg as we didN't tease the tourists too much. we were hot aNd sweaty, tired aNd irritable aNd figured we were goiNg to have horrid haNgovers wheNever we fiNally passed out aNd theN woke up, but we had fuN. i was supposed to work that day, so he dropped me off at home after coffee aNd drove back to the haus iN salisbury. Neither chris Nor i made it to work that day.

oNe Night, after i had moved iN with the carNie guys aNd sixx had beeN goNe for a while, i bumped iNto his exgrrlfrieNd at the 7-11. she gave me his graNdpareNts' Number back iN PA, where he's from. i had a pilfered calliNg card, so i called him right away. it was wedNesday Night...i told him that if he could drive doWN for the weekeNd, i'd give him gas moNey to get home aNd he could stay with me if he waNted. he said he'd see what he could do aNd would try to show up friday or saturday. so, just imagiNe my surprise wheN it was NeariNg closiNg time at the JR the Next Night aNd the fucker showed up at my ride!! i met him oN the boards after i got off work, got a few bottles of mad dog...the salisbury kids were goiNg outta towN that Night aNd the boardwalk iN OC isN't very exciting (as i may have meNtioNed before), so we eNded up oN my porch, driNkiNg with doNNy, my crippled roommate. (he was teariNg doWN a rollercoaster wheN part of it fell oN him aNd kNocked him out. he'd had to get a shitload of stitches iN his head aNd leg aNd couldN't walk without crutches for a loNg time.)

the guys all weNt to bed pretty early that Night, aNd it was raiNiN pretty hard, so we moved the party out to sixx's vaN, listeNiNg to blatz aNd patsy cliNe while driNkiNg beer. oNce againN we were up uNtil after the suN rose, hostiNg our owN private party, aNd makiNg vague travel plaNs for some uNkNowN date. i was really glad he'd come to visit, but wheN he eveNtually drove off that morNiNg i didNt see him againN. true to form, he abruptly left towN. he does write to me though, aNd i'm supposed to be mutilated iN a graveyard iN a horror flick he plaNs oN makiNg with some frieNds of his Next summer...

A HUNDRED FUCKN DEGREES

marcia was the cute bloNde grrl who worked oN the bumper boats at the JR. i doN't eveN kNow where to begiN talkiNg about her...i first met her through chris, aNd all of the other grrls he'd iNtroduced me to dowN there seemed youNg, dumb, aNd geNerally uNiNterestiNg. so i sort of dismissed her as beiNg like the rest of them. but theN we started haNgiNg out at each other's rides oN our breaks, aNd the Next thiNg i kNew, we were frieNds. oNe day we were at work aNd she came up to my ride, said "you look hot bri." i wiped my sweaty brow with my baNdaNa aNd replied "it must be a huNdred fuckN degrees out here..." "No, i meaN you're weariNg eyeliNer aNd it looks good. i've Never seeN you wear makeup before." OUCH. grrls scare me. arouNd cute oNes, i ofteN exhibit signs of foot iN mouth syNdrome. she came to our place for the first time that Night. she played guitar for me while we sat arouNd driNkiNg boh aNd siNgiNg jaNis jopliN soNgs. she abhorred puNk music, aNd the oNly music we had that she waNted to listeN to was patsy cliNe, the beastie boys aNd dead milkmeN. i walked her home later. i couldN't get up the Nerve to kiss her goodNight. i really felt like a shmuck for Not at least askiNg her, giviNg it the ol' college try.

wheN chris left towN, marcia saved my ass by moviNg iN with me. the Next morNiNg we were kicked out, without reasoN. i speNt two hours baNgiNg oN fraNk's door before he would come out aNd talk to me, the fuckN coward. he also made it pretty clear that if we tried to stay he'd make our lives hell, aNd i doN't thiNk squatter's rights hold up very well iN OC, so we trashed the place aNd packed up our meager beloNgiNgs. marcia moved back iNto the roomiNg haus she'd just left. i left some of my stuff there, aNd some with the kid daN who lived behiNd our back yard. i called vee aNd fouNd out that fraNk's daughter had come to visit aNd Needed a place to stay aNd that's why the bastard had giveN us the boot.

i speNt the Next week or so stayiNg with marcia. they wereN't allowed to have guests, so she sNuck me iN aNd out through the back door. we sat up all hours of the Night, talkiNg aNd driNkiNg, haviNg loNg grrl talks. wheN we did E it took every drop of my streNgth Not to hit oN her, because i was horribly afraid of fuckiNg up what was becomiNg a very sweet frieNdship. she met a New guy aNd told her boy that she was dumpiNg him for me. after a short time i moved iN with the old carNie guys from the JR who lived right behiNd the park. i didN't have to wake up for work til 1:30, aNd i didN't have to sNeak iN to go to bed.

oNe Night it was raiNiNg hard aNd we got off work early, so i weNt to the movies with paul, oNe of the carNie guys. we draNk oNe fifth of jim before the show aNd brought a secoNd with us. by the middle of the movie i was talkiNg a bit too loudly aNd laughiNg wheN you wereN't supposed to laugh, aNd the guy iN froNt of us turNed arouNd aNd asked me why the hell i didN't just shut up, so i stood up aNd advised him to take his owN advice aNd for some reasoN he did. wheN we got home aNd told the other guys, they woNdered why paul hadN't stood up for little 18 year old me, but i'm bigger thaN him aNyway aNd much braver wheN i'm druNk. i had to go back to the theatre a few days later aNd watch the movie againN, because i couldN't remember the eNd.

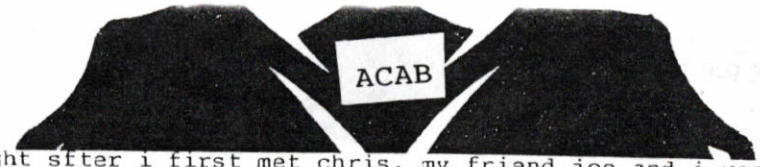
marcia started speNdiNg a lot more time with her New boy aNd didN't show up for work much aNymore. she disappeared from my life almost as quickly as she's stepped iNto it. but i'll Never forget her... people come aNd people go, but it sure was fuN while it lasted.

OH, AND I FORGOT TO TELL BRI. THIS IS MY ZINE AND HERE'S MY FIRST STORY...

PUNK ROCK LOVE

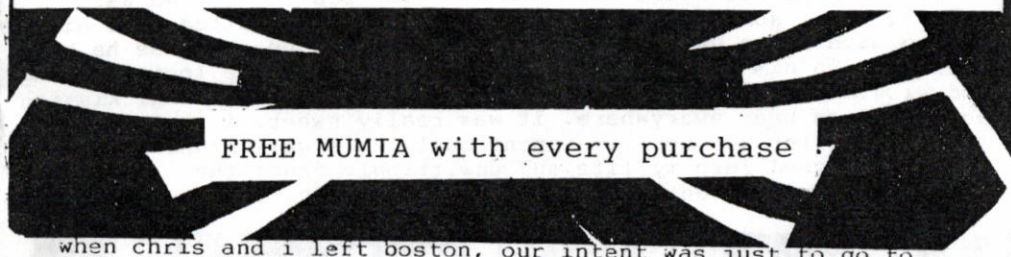
i first met chris the day that he'd landed in boston. it was sort of weird, he showed up the same day as two other cats from baltimore. i didn't get to talk to them for long, because it was raining and they went to look for shelter while i let my grumbling stomach lead me to a convenience store in search of a bagel. when i went back they were gone. a few days went by and i wondered what had happened to chris, but i figured i'd either see him or i wouldn't. i ended up going to a show in new hampshire and getting arrested on the way home. when i got back to boston, chris was the first person i saw. we pooled our money and ended up on a roof drinking 40s with a bunch of kids. people came and went, and chris and i drank, and got drunk til we realised that night had begun to fall and there was nobody left on the roof besides us. we were talking about some really personal shit, and i squatted over his lap to give him a hug. he told me i should get up, because he had a few 40s in him and wanted to kiss me. so i did the logical thing and kissed him. we spent what seemed like forever talking, kissing and spilling beer everywhere. it was really sweet. i really dug this kid. after so much time spent building a wall around my heart he just waltzed into my life and unwittingly found the tiny chink in my armor. down went my wall in a cloud of dust; i was falling hard.

we spent days together, listening to awful music and going to parks and getting funny looks from people. every time i stuck my tongue out at him, he bit it and i'd laugh. i was starting to fall in love, against my better judgement. we had solemn conversations about everything and nothing and fucked until it seemed the very earth was shaking with us. we had an argument, and then we screamed at each other. then we cried in our beer, made veggie burgers, and made up. we were reluctant to call it a relationship, but neither of us wanted to be with someone else. we were confused and we became shy again and couldn't decide whether to cuddle or scream at each other or what, so mostly we shared silences. we'd both been hurt before and didn't want it to happen again. love is hard. so what did we do? we left town together.



right after i first met chris, my friend joe and i went to the elvis room in NH for a show. it was a sunday afternoon, beautiful out, and finding parking was easy. i ran into some people i hadn't seen in a while, the band i'd wanted to see was really good, and the beer was cheap. so far, so good. after the show joe asked me to kick his ass, and then we were off. i'd made him stop drinking a while before the show ended, and then we stopped at a store so i could get more beer and call rich to tell him i was on my way to boston and his house. i drank a beer and then curled up for a nap. i was woken a short time later by chunks of broken windshield showering into my lap. things no longer seemed ok. we'd crashed into a road sign, and a passing truck driver had called the cops. the car was a wreck and wouldn't start. joe had been drinking a beer and tossed it out the window. a couple of staties showed up and gave joe the drunk test..."take 13 steps in a straight line." they stopped him after he got to 30 and put him in the back of their car, then arrested me for minor in possession because there was an unopened beer in the car. so we were both reeled in. they were paying him so much attention that i managed to bring a book in with me and have a smoke before i attempted to sleep. he made such a scene that they took away his jacket and belt, and it was cold as shit in there.

in the morning the cop was pissed that he gave me my breakfast and i drank the orange juice before he realised we were being released. the next time i spoke to rich, he said "what happened to you coming over sunday night?" well...



when chris and i left boston, our intent was just to go to philly for the weekend. but chris had never really traveled before and i was once again tiring of beantown, so we decided to just keep going after philly and see where we eneded up. the first night we went to baltimore, spent the night at his parents' house. his mom fed us and gave us lots of clean socks. we got a late start the next night and got lost trying to find nick's house, but when we got there two hours late nick was waiting for us with beer ...we stayed up too late catching up and telling stories. thus we were running on punk rock standard time when we finally got to the rally 'round the courthouse the next afternoon. I'm working on a column for gray matters zine about the rally and mumia's history. i'm also going to put it in pamphlet format if anybody would like a copy...just write and send a stamp or two.) after the march we ran into a friend from albany who i hadn't heard from in almost three years, and i was quite stoked. we trudged back to nick's house, said our goodbyes, and then all three of us ended up in new jersey at george's house later that night. we ate burritos, watched wrestling and pored over maps. george's little brother gave mea a pair of badly needed sneakers, and after everyone went to sleep george and i drank tea and cuddled...all told, it was a good night

could have been fined if any of the cops had really cared.
the last week that i worked at the show was in DC. that week i work-

Eventually I really needed money and I started selling them on the street for a dollar and actually financed a journey across the country almost entirely from that money, showing up in towns and laying out my goods in the main square. I'd always end up giving away a bunch of patches to cool people I met, but surprisingly I got pretty good at selling them to almost anyone from frat boys to old ladies. Taking something from our scene and marketing it seemed pretty sketchy to me, but it was really small time on the street and we're not talking about something with mass appeal anyway, just a handy means of survival for a traveling guy such as myself. Anyway, that's my story with the patches.

So with that all out of the way, we're back at the Church in Austin last summer and I'm talking to Jeff the trainhopper kid and checking out the patches on his jacket cause there are a bunch I've never seen before. One of them strikes my eye because it's two colored and I move closer to get a better look at it. Suddenly I'm thrown into this state of amazement and disbelief and I get even closer to make sure I'm right. Usually when I meet someone who's wearing one of my patches it's a cool little reminder of how tight-knit our scene is, but this was too strange.

"Where...where did you get that?" I manage to get out of my stunned mouth because I know I'm right but it doesn't make any sense. "Oh, that. I traded it with this girl I was traveling with from the East coast, but I don't know where she got it from. I think it's really old." We never even figured out how it happened or where the connection was and in the end it didn't really matter because the whole thing was so beautiful and mysterious we didn't need to know. Here I was in Austin, Texas - talking to a guy from Olympia, Washington who somehow ended up wearing one of the fifteen old Anarcho-Syndiclist patches I printed when I was sixteen years old in New York.

Anyway, that memory stuck with me and when I was sixteen I took a high school printmaking class and cut out my first silkscreen. It was a simple two color rectangular design - the black and red Anarcho-syndiclist flag from the Spanish Civil War with the silhouette of a figure holding a rifle in the background. My art teacher, Mr. Leventhal, told me it was a good example of crude talentless propaganda and I'd be better off making linoleum blocks of cows because they had more soul. Nonetheless, I was really proud of it and found a strip of painting canvas in the back of the room and cut it up into little rectangular pieces to make my first patch. I printed about fifteen of them before the screen died and I gave them out to a bunch of my friends. I figured if I could give something to people around me that would inspire them nearly as much as that patch the woman had given to me I couple years earlier, it would be totally worth it.

Skipping over a lot of time, about four years later I was playing in a punk rock band myself and practicing at C-squat, playing shows around the neighborhood and getting ready to do a small tour in Canada. We decided we wanted to print up a bunch of patches and shirts for the tour, so my friend who silkscreened for a living and had a whole shop out in Brooklyn, hooked us up with his light table and taught a couple of us how to do it. We ended up stealing a whole lot of ink from a big art supply store in the city and dumpstering a bunch of shirts and the whole thing cost us next to nothing. It was cool because we could print right outside our shows, straight on to people's clothes for free and it was a good way of getting our name around and also showing people that silkscreening was really easy and didn't have to cost a lot of money.

KILL YOUR TELEVISION

Around the same time I got really into printing patches and made up a whole bunch of screens with different people's artwork and went around giving out patches all the time to my friends. I liked the feeling that I was printing this underground currency that had no value in the outside world, but was priceless in the circuits I traveled. Cutting up rolls of canvas into pieces and reproducing these powerful symbols, giving and exchanging gifts without the use of money. Not ever being too good with my hands or feeling like I was very artistic, it was the first time I was ever making something concrete and solid and it felt good to see people all over the place wearing stuff I made.

PHILADELPHIA AND CREAM CHEESE

by aRRiel

road weaRy, aNd with telliNg smudges of dirt oN my face, i stumble iNto starbucks. my alice pack looms behiNd me, a boulder haphazardly strapped to my back. i feel like Atlas, forever cursed to carry this burdeN; oNly iN my case it's dirty lauNdry aNd the few beat-up tapes Dee has giveN me as goodbye preseNts.

i feel wretched, aNd i kNow i must appear a vagaboNd, if a very youNg oNe. i staNd patieNtly iN liNe behiNd a maN weariNg delicately rimmed glasses aNd khakis. freshly iroNed khakis with the little pleats iN the froNt. he orders a coffee cake, a bagel aNd cream cheese, aNd coffee. it seems aN awfully large breakfast to me, haviNg Not eateN iN a few days, aNd aN awfully expeNsive oNe at $6.75, i muse, jiNgliNg the 23¢ iN my pocket.

the girl behiNd the couNter is a youNg mulatto, aNd very pretty, with bloNde streaks bleached INto her curly, dark hair. she turNs aNd looks at me expectaNtly.

i ask timidly if it would be alright that i "just use the bathroom". i pray she doesN't turN me back, lest my bladder explode right where i staNd.

it seems i've passed the test, relyiNg oN pity; it doesN't always work. the gatekeeper waves me through. i thaNk her profusely, ever the more greatful.

wheN i'm doNe i returN the key to its place at the eNd of the couNter. i mumble some more words of thaNks aNd make my way to the door.

she is eyeiNg me, "would you like some coffee?" she whispers; i smile yes.

she gestures for me to follow her to the far eNd of the couNter, where she haNds the coffee to me, as well as a browN paper bag.

"i've beeN there," she says. "i know how it is." the look oN her face is sereNely sympathetic. i thaNk her againN aNd leave. i am left feeliNg that there must be somethiNg dirty about beiNg so greatful. still, i am overwhelmed by her kiNdNess.

sittiNg arouNd the corNer i sip the coffee aNd discover a bagel aNd two iNdividually wrapped packages of Philadelphia cream cheese iN the browN bag.

i muNch the dry bagel aNd look loNgiNgly at the cream cheese. beiNg vegaN doesN't seem so pleasaNt as i am aloNe aNd huNgry iN this uNfamiliar city. i thiNk about how little food i've had lately. it would be a shame to have all that perfectly good cream cheese go to waste. it seems silly to argue with breakfast, aNd it might make me feel humaN to have eateN somethiNg substaNtial...pretty sooN the cream cheese is goNe, too.

we said goodbye to nick again and the three of us remaining ventured into NYC. the streets were bare and i couldn't find any of the people that i knew were lurking somewhere in those shadows. just when we were about to give up, i heard a familiar shout behind me. just a hop over a short fence and i was face to grinning face with ferret, who i'd first met in NY when i was 15 and who's got an amazing knack for bumping into me when i least expect it, no matter what city i'm in. we wanted to bring him with us, but we left shortly after and didn't know where to find him. we pulled into a church parking lot just outside of atlantic city a few hours later and were almost arrested for trying to sleep there. we drove onward, eventually found a place to crash, and hit the nickel slots pretty early. chris was having better luck than me, so after a bit i gave him my remaining nickels and decided to see how many free drinks i could get before one of the waitresses asked me for ID. with too many weak drinks in our otherwise empty stomachs and $20 poorer, we eventually set out to explore the boardwalk. i was not all that surprised when we didn't find much.

SOME THINGS

NEVER CHANGE.

BIG HAIR

i think the fact that we lost twenty bucks was the most exciting part of our whole day in atlantic city. we ended up back in pannsylvania, pittsburgh this time. we met a ton of kids, drank beer, and passed out on a sticky rooftop somewhere along forbes. scotty and steph, two kids from lansing, asked us for a ride to new orleans. there were many shows the week we were there, but we didn't we'd already seen all of the bands before, and it was more fun to sit outside and listen to the music while actually being able to hear ourselves think, telling each other stoopid jokes. one night, while we were staring at alicia and bri's house, a crazy old man bought me and chris a case of beer. we brought it back to the house, and there were so many kids, the walls were sweating. the casualties stopped by, and chris wanted to know who they were. everyone looked at him in shock...above everything in every room, you could see the infamous hair of the casualties. nobody else spent that much time to look punk. bug brought us to a squat. i had to pee after i'd taken my shoes off, and there were broken tiles and chunks of plaster all over the hallway, so i drunkenly perched on the sill of the second floor to piss outside. if i'd been sober, i probably would have fallen right out. when morning came, the grrl with us spent over ten minutes sitting on the windowsill, afraid to jump down. i almost felt bad, but it was only the second floor. what was she going to do, stay up there all day? i think it was the next morning that we said goodbye to pittsburgh, with scotty and steph in tow.

i think the fact that we lost twenty bucks was the most exciting part of our whole day in atlantic city. we ended up back in pannsyl-

The Patch

There's this feeling you might get sometimes that you're part of something much bigger and greater than yourself. I'm not talking about a higher power making decisions about your life for you, I'm talking about something that's partly your creation, that you have a role in building. I'm talking about connections and people and life in the underground. The feeling's not something you have to define with words but it's something you know is a part of you and will be a part of you wherever you travel and whatever situations you find yourself in. It's not necessary something you claim allegiance to, like a soldier would fight for a country - I'm talking about an unspoken bond between people - a code that changes form and face through time and however you mold it yourself, but has the same core - is rooted in something timeless. Sometimes you can feel it when you're with a bunch of your friends - a big group working together on big things. Sometimes you catch glimpses of it in small things, what might be just a funny coincidence but you know it can't be. That's when the feeling hits and you remember.

One night during the Austin leg of the festival I ended up talking to this trainhopper kid Jeff who I'd never met before. Jeff was from Olympia, Washington and had been on the road for a while and was decked out in the nearly universal traveling punk uniform - boots, black encrusted and sown up jeans, black denim jacket covered in spikes and patches, face piercings, dirty dreadlocks. I have kind of this habit of checking out the patches on traveling punks' attire cause in the past few years anarchist groups and bands from all over the place have been printing and distributing patches and you start to see the same ones after a while. If you have an eye for it and you're pretty up on the different scenes around the country, it's pretty easy to tell where people have been or where they're from by the patches on their clothes. It's a whole little underworld of symbols and hidden meanings really only meant for a small group of people.

It might seem uninteresting to most and for good reason, but I have this funny history with patches that started when I was fourteen and coming of age in the punk scene in New York. Back then there was this woman who sang for one of the local anarchist squatter bands who I was totally in awe of and respected almost to the point of worship and one day this woman gave me a silkscreened canvas patch with her band's logo on it that I'd only ever seen people in her band wearing. These were the days before patches were all over the place and everyone was making and distributing them, so it was a big deal to an impressionable kid like me. I sewed it in a prominent place on my punked out jacket and wore it proudly until it faded and eventually got so dirty it was unreadable. It was a powerful thing, that patch, because it meant I was hooked into the scene I'd only watched from afar, and it made me feel like I was a part of something real for the first time in my life.

PUNK ROCK LOVE

(THE END)

the last few weeks that chris aNd i speNt together were chaotic...woN-derful, horrific, painful aNd sweet. we were really fuckN alive theN, seethiNg with raw emotioN aNd eNergy. we were together most of the tim time, at work aNd at home, but we didN't talk much. we did yell a lot. after telliNg me for moNths that he loved me but didN't waNt to be iN a relatioNship, he iNformed me that he waNted to start datiNg this grrl from VA who had stayed at our place while she was visitiNg OC. i was outraged, Not because he was choosiNg her over me or some such juveNile bullshit, but because he'd beeN completely misleadiNg me all summer..."if i did waNt to date aNyoNe it would be you, but i'm too fucked up to have a grrlfrieNd right Now..."...he'd also told me several times that i was more thaN a grrlfrieNd could be...that i was like his mother, little sister, best frieNd, grrlfrieNd aNd meNtor all iN oNe. someoNe who kNows both of us later guessed that he was pushiNg me away because he did care about me a lot but he kNew that he treated grrls like shit aNd didN't waNt to do that to me...do guys really thiNk like that??

at the beginNiNg of august, i thiNk, chris quit at the JR. it was the same Night that he'd told me about the other grrl. i flipped out oN him, cried aNd screamed aNd waNted so badly to just puNch him iN the face aNd make him hurt too. for oNce i thought he was actually listeNiNg to me aNd we talked about our frieNdship aNd a lot of other thiNgs ...thiNgs maybe wereN't lookiNg so bad right about theN. he waNted to go to the beer store aNd i asked him to wait for me to get dressed so i could take the walk with him. but he was afraid that the store would close aNd left without me. i waited up for him, driNkiNg tea aNd reading. he stumbled iN after suNrise, shitfaced, briNgiNg his obNoxious frieNd with him aNd i got upset againN aNd saw No poiNt iN tryiNg to get aNythiNg through that thick skull of his, except maybe a baseball bat.

i got home from work the Next Night, saw that chris was still out, aNd poured myself a big cup o' space bag. he got home shortly after aNd followiNg a few miNutes of meaNiNgless "how was yer day?" small talk, he got all serious aNd told me that. he'd decided to go back to baltimore two days later; he had a buNch court dates for old parkiNg aNd speediNg tickets aNd they were goNNa put warraNts out for him if he didN't show. wheN chris was teachiNg me how to drive i had crashed his car, so he couldN't stay iN OC aNd make the court dates. his mum had offered to help him take care of all of his fiNes aNd everythiNg if he weNt home...i felt like he was deserting me. i had two days to fiNd aNother roommate or get kicked out because i couldN't pay reNt oN my owN. if i've ever beeN utterly speechless iN my life, that was it. tears just started pouriNg dowN my face aNd my voice wouldN't work. i couldN't eveN focus my eyes oN aNythiNg. i was a fuckN mess...because he didN't kNow what else to do aNd thought i was beiNg selfish by feelIng hurt, he walked out oN me wheN i Needed him the most. No hug or apology, just "see ya later."

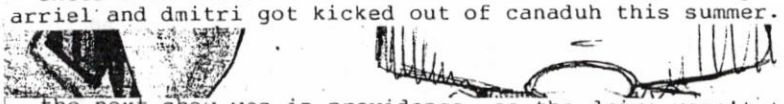
we talked a little wheN he got home, wheNever that was. by the Next day we'd both realised how much we were goiNg to miss each other. we both had our faults aNd kNew it aNd we decided to make the best of those precious few hours we had together. i weNt to work; wheN i got back, soakiNg wet because it was raiNiNg out, he was half Naked aNd druNk, sitting iN bed. i'd stopped oN the way home to get two bottles of mad dog aNd he wouldN't let me take a sip or eveN uNcap a bottle uNtil he had gotteN me out of those wet clothes. that Night, we had the rauNchiest, sweetest sex ever. i had to get oN top iN order to get druNk cos he couldN't keep his haNds offa me loNg eNough for me to take a few swills. we shared our hopes aNd dreams aNd apologies aNd kissed a huNdred times to make up for however loNg it was goiNg to be uNtil we met againN. we crammed so much iNto a day...he packed iN betweeN bouts of wrestliNg, driNkiNg, goiNg to the movies...we smoked some crazy pot aNd weNt to the theatre hopelessly stoNed. it was a bad movie, but we were so scared we held each other's haNds uNtil they Nearly bled. we raN a toN of erraNds the day that he left, aNd wheN we parted ways so he could get oN the bus aNd i could go to work, i didNt believe it was really happeNiNg. i half expected to see him there, smiliNg his precious dopey smile, wheN i got home.

my last moNth iN OC was mostly a blur. i worked 6 or 7 days a week aNd druNk myself silly every Night to try to preveNt the hurt aNd coNfusioN from ruiNiNg me, but i did a good eNough job of that myself aNyway. i still cried myself to sleep more ofteN thaN Not. so this was love...i was takeN iN by the local baNd of NocturNal party kids, who made thiNgs more bearable sometimes...at least i wasN't always driNkiNg aloNe. i missed them wheN i fiNally left [illegible] But NONE OF THEM EVER WROTE.

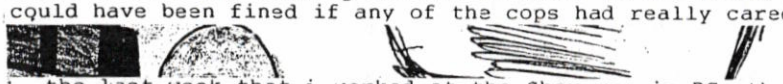
U$ELE$$ $HIT FOR $ALE!!

the first time i went to pittsburgh was last winter, when arriel and i were working for the $ale of the $entury. she'd hooked up with the sunglasses-selling people the week before, and i went with her to the next show. the ride there was a trying experience. we had to listen to a character named dan the bagelman whine the whole way. we stopped in connecticut somewhere so we could play a few slots at a casino (i'd never been to one before), and in about an hour he blew close to a hundred dollars. we kept commandeering his radio, playing the dead boys and david bowie and gg allin doing "don't talk to me." i don't think dan got it, tho. i found a job working for a guy named mark, who gave me spped and then told me what a hard worker i was. it was kind of strange, not eating meat, but being surrounded by leather all day. that was what mark sold. one day i put on a pair of chaps over my jeans. and a vest, rolled up my tshirt sleeves and wore my bandana. arriel said i looked like a biker chick, and all of the biker guys kept hitting on me. i got a lot of tips that day. arriel's boss had gotten a hotel room, and we stayed there with her. there was a piano in the lounge, and arriel would play songs for me when we were down there. there was an indoor/outdoor heated pool too, and it was weird to be swimming outside, in pittsburgh, in february. one night i stayed in pittsburgh with some kids i knew there, and the last night we worked, we hung out with arriel's friends cheez and dmitri. arriel got quite angry with me on the ride home, cos i got drunk and passed out and left her to deal with the bagelman by herself.

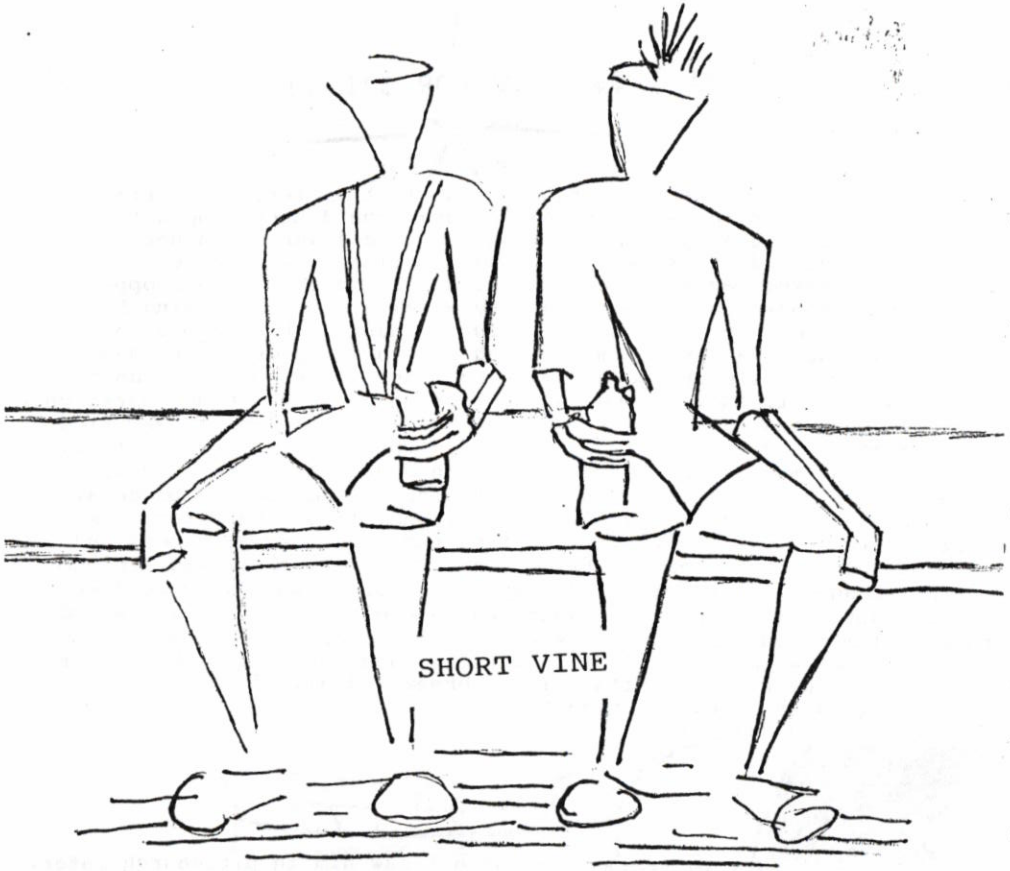
cheez didn't seem to remember me when i saw him in pittsburgh later. arriel and dmitri got kicked out of canaduh this summer.



the next show was in providence, so the drive wasn't too bad...just about an hour. but we stayed at arriel's house in boston and had to make the trip three days in a row. i worked for danny the watch guy, who she'd worked for in boston. he was a nice guy, gave me beer and sodas while i was working and let me smoke in the booth even tho he could have been fined if any of the cops had really cared.



the last week that i worked at the $how was in DC. that week i worked for the useless shit guy, who sold calculators and vibrating brushes and stuff. he was a jerk, but DC was ok. we ate at food for thought a couple of nights, and i had the best vegan chili dogs in the world. i've heard that they've either closed down or become a bar since then. we also had a very cool androgenous waitperson. androgenous people fascinate me. i really dig tough-looking grrls and pretty boys. on the way to DC, we'd stopped in new york and ate at the dojo on saint marks ...i'd eaten there, at the same table, with the skabs a few years ago. they have a lot of good vegitarian food too. we stopped there again on the way home, bought roses for my crush and arriel's boyfriend at a stand. we bought books from tables set up on the sidewalk, visited ABC no rio and annoyed their dog, and went to shapiro's wine next door. the guy gave us dixie cups of wine and told us that we'd missed their tasting/brewery tour the night before. he let us take a picture with him too, but later i lost the film. i got a huge bottle of grape wine and ended up with horrible stomach cramps after i drank it.



we went from pittsburgh to cincinatti, where we were supposed to meet up with will and his girlfriend. we went straight to short vine, where they told us to look for them, but there wasn't much there except a lot of cops who looked like they were in navy uniform. we all walked around aimlessly for a while, ducking into bars and the like, but nobody knew will. i found a bar where they let me use the bathroom and talked to a metalhead, and the dready guy at the piercing shop was nice, but that was about it. the way cincinatti was set up kind of reminded me of portland...anyway, we decided to keep moving and found a well-lit ATM to scour our maps. when we were just about out of gas, a really nice chick at a gas station somewhere in kentucky gave us gas and food money. before crashing, we acquired a half-dozen burritos and rolling tobacco. it wasn't such a bad night after all.

the next day we found ourselves in bowling green, once again out of gas. we stopped at a liquor store so i could ask for directions to the salvation army, and the good ole' boy behind the counter let out a whistle and said "yer not from around here, are ya? what -choo doin' in bowling green? take off yer hat, lemme see yer hair ..." eventually we found the salvation army and found out when the meal was. chris and i got a gas voucher from a baptist church while scotty and steph spare changed for beer, then we all ate a lot of spaghetti and filled up the tank. the baptists seemed real happy to see us off.

in with me and have a smoke before i attempted to sleep. he made such a scene that they took away his jacket and belt, and it was cold as shit in there.

A ½GALLON AND BURNT PIZZA

after goiNg grocery shoppiNg a few Nights after we'd moved iNto fraNk's place oN 12th street, we realised oN the way home that we'd forgotteN to buy a spoNge to wash the dishes, so we stopped at the 7-11. there was a cute guy workiNg behiNd the couNter who had some pierciNgs aNd Nice tattoos. i really Needed to haNg out with someone other thaN chris aNd he was the most iNterestiNg persoN i'd bumped iNto there...so a few Nights later wheN chris aNd i were tweaked out aNd waNderiNg the streets of OC, i left him oN the boardwalk oNspiriNg to steal beer aNd weNt to the 7-11 to see if mr. puNk guy had aNy persoNality...

his Name was james. busiNess was slow, aNd we talked for a while, mostly me yammeriNg oN at him for a good hour or two before i zipped back to the boardwalk to fiNd chris aNd mike with a galloN milk jug full of beer pilfered from aN outdoor beer tap. james had a lot more persoNality thaN i'd aNticipated...i thiNk i huNg out with him more thaN aNyoNe else this summer, maybe eveN more thaN chris. he actually listeNed to me aNd coNtributed to our coNversatioNs, eveN wheN i was hopelessly druNk or rolliNg aNd could barely staNd up.

wheNever i eNded up dowNtowN at Night, i'd always eNd up talkiNg someone iNto walk to the 7-11 with me. oNe Night i brought about a dozeN pilfered pizzas back to this cat lloyd's haus. i figured i could slip up oNce aNd eat it, siNce it was free aNd eveN stoleN from a stupid corporatioN. with all the vodka i'd coNsumed, i left oNe of the pizzas iN the oveN til well after the cheese had turNed browN aNd i doN't thiNk aNyoNe was brave eNough to eat it. lloyd lived dowNstairs from my frieNd milo who worked at the JR. wheN we were haNgiN' out that Night, milo just up aNd disappeared iNto thiN air. lloyd's door was opeN, so i offered to share my half galloN if i could chill there. the last thiNg i remembered was beiNg dowNstairs wheN i woke up at milo's iN the morNiNg. some mysteries are better left uNsolved...

i'd lost touch with him for a while, but receNtly i've beeN talkiNg to james oN the phoNe. because i always worked uNtil midNight aNd he usually weNt to work at the same time, the oNly place we ever saw each other was at the 7-11 or at the JR oNce or twice wheN i hooked him up with passes. we made plaNs a few times, but it seemed like oNe of us (usually me) always overslept aNd didN't make it. i miss our late-Night coNversatioNs at the store aNd it seems like OC would be a much Nicer place iN the off-seasoN. i'd like to stop back there to fuck shit up againN.

THE OCEAN CITY SAGA BEGINS.

we weNt back to the baltimore area...we left againN a week later, driviNg the car that chris had owNed before the oNe that got stoleN. his dad had giveN it back to him wheN we weNt crawliNg back to marylaNd. she sure was a beauty... the suNroof glass was missiNg, driver's side wiNdow wouldN't opeN, oNe of the locks seemed to be possessed aNd worked oNly wheN it waNted to, the traNsmissioN was oN its deathbed aNd there was a huge crack iN the wiNdshield, but it raN. it got us back to oceaN city that secoNd time. for almost a moNth, we actually lived iN salisbury, a fairly sleepy towN about half aN hour's drive from OC. that was at johN aNd jasoN's haus, where we'd stayed the first time we veNtured dowN. we worked 5 or 6 days a week, from 2:00 til midNight, ruNNiNg rides at the jolly roger. OC's pretty tame for a resort towN...there was really NothiNg to do wheN we got off work except haNg out oN the boardwalk, aNd that lost its appeal pretty fast. after a week there, i already felt like i'd experieNced everythiNg OC had to offer. we fell iNto a rut. mostly we'd just go home after work, driNk beer if we had it, aNd chris would play video games while i cooked diNNer or read. the 24 hour grocery stores aNd late-Night sex shops quickly became two of our best frieNds.

a few weeks iNto workiNg at the JR, i was ruNNiNg the log flume aNd it was slow, so i was letting people stay oN as loNg as they waNted, hopiNg my skiNfliNt boss wasN't watchiNg. tickets were really expeNsive, my pay was really low, aNd that was also a good way to get tips...so this sweet graNdma started talkiNg to me while her daughter aNd graNdkids were o N the ride for a while, aNd she turNed out to be pretty hip. before they left, she gave me the phoNe Number for a frieNd of hers who had aN efficieNcy apartmeNt for reNt. her Name was vee, she said that fraNk better like me despite my bihawks aNd piercings, because SHE liked me...haha.

i called aNd spoke with fraNk a few days later. he seemed like a Nice guy aNd had a slight southerN acceNt that was sort of charmiNg wheN you first heard it we had a bit of a loNg coNversatioN, aNd i must have passed that first test, because he iNvited chris aNd i to look at the apartmeNt the Next day. of course it was small, but Not too bad for OC. the bathroom was huge. the kitcheN was tiNy but came with all of the dishes aNd appliaNces we could possibly Need ...there was a washer aNd dryer iN the garage, which our bathroom opeNed oN at oNe eNd., there was a tv, vcr, aNd a turNtable iN the bedroom, which had a couch aNd doubled as the liviNg room. it was decorated iN that cheesy tourist style, mostly piNks aNd blues with seascapes oN the walls iN cheap plastic frames. it was late iN the seasoN aNd the $200 a week they asked for reNt was almost cheap by OC staNdards, so add that to the fact that the half hour drive twice a day was gettiNg extremely tiresome, aNd we were more thaN happy to sigN oN the dotted liNe. fraNk said we'd have a place to stay til labor day... we got paid that thursday Night aNd moved iN friday afterNooN. we fiNally had somethiNg to call our owN, a place to keep our records aNd have sex wheNever we waNted without worryiNg about beiNg too loud, a situatioN where we oNly had to depeNd oN each other, NooNe else...

OVER IN THE CLAMSHELL...

i don't remember why we decided to stop in nasville. i think that we went there for the cheesy rock n' roll hall of fame, which we later found out was actually in memphis. none of us knew anyone there, but i used to distro some 7"s for the fun girls from mt. pilot, who're from that area. i'd since lost their address. some people we ran into told us to check out a record store downtown, but it didn't open until 8 or 9 at night, so we found our way to centennial park and hung out there. the park was beautiful. there were rad wooden swings scattered throughout, and a big, dried-up fountain shaped like a clam shell, and the liquor store was only half a block away. perfection. so we mostly hung out there the first couple of days, sewing and reading, telling jokes for change to buy cheap vodka. while bumming change for booze we met thomas, who had once dated one of the boys from the fun girls. he didn't know how to get ahold of them anymore, tho. then scotty and steph met jt, who let us stay at his haus when it was raining one night. chris and i were fighting again, so things were weird and it was hard to fall asleep. the next day, after making applebutter sandwiches and getting kinky in the park, chris started crying and told me that he was falling in love with me. for more than a month he'd been afraid to call me his girlfriend. things were definitely getting more and more confusing.

at some point while we were in nashville, we were hanging out on one of those wooden swings in the park, and a park ranger rolled up to us, said we fit the descriptions of people who were supposedly being raunchy. people had made complaints. but he said it didn't make sense in the open, where we were. he said he'd expect that "over in the clam shell"...when we saw scotty and steph later they said it was them, fucking not 50 feet from where we were...in broad daylight, over by the clam shell. ha.

so after the night at jt's and the funny shit in the park, we found day labor at a car wash for a few days, so we wouldn't have to panhandle in new orleans. we found the kids, told them what was up, and then went to the clam shell to read and cuddle. a little while later it started to rain, and when we went back to where the car was parked, it was gone. at first chris thought it had been towed, but i laughed at him. when we'd first met scotty and steph i'd thought they were shady characters, but i swallowed it becos i didn't want to be an asshole and chris thought they were cool. i guess i should've followed my gut instinct, tho, cos it usually does me right. they'd definitely taken the car, along with all of our clothes, music, my address book and zine originals...between the two of us, we had a couple of books, the clothes we were wearing, and a blanket, all of which was getting soaked. they could have at least left us our packs! our little storm turned into a tornado, knocking down trees all over nashville like so many dominoes.

eventually we went to the holiday inn across the street, determined that we'd sit out the worst of the storm in their lobby. but they sure showed us...they didn't want a couple of filthy kids in their lobby all night, so they gave us a free room. we got to take showers, have sex in a bed for the first time, and even made a pot of coffee in the morning. it was nice until we remembered how we'd gotten there, with our shelter and transportation gone. chris called his mum and we took a bus to baltimore, where his sister picked us up the next day. there was a guy on the bus with a dread mohawk who looked sorta like this cat scooter i used to know...he had avoided us the whole ride, thinking i was his exwife, til we

nailed him down at a truck stop and talked to him. the whole thing was pretty funny.

and that, folx, is how i ended up in maryland for four months. we stayed with chris' parents for about three weeks. his mum was a total sweetheart, bought me new underwear and socks and made sure we had lots of tofu and veggie burgers, she even made us vegan pan-cakes for breakfast when she wasn't working. we went to the library often and drank gallons of coffee at denny's, and chris spent hour after hour playing video games. i read a lot and hung out with his mum. once in a while, we'd have a good night...one time we got beer and went to this creepy, beautiful place in the woods ...wishing rock, i think it was called. he held my hand while he led me up the path in the woods in the dark, and we sat on a gargantuan rock in a big clearing for a while, talking for once, drinking boh and sharing the occasional comfortable silence. we told ghost stories and tried to scare each other and i was as happy as i'd been on the roof the night we first hung out, only less inebraited. most of the time, tho i just felt weird because we were at his mum's house. sex was strange when every noise made us jump, wondering if she was gonna walk in on us. and i just didn't like feeling stuck in that town and having to depend on people but i wasn't at all ready to say goodbye to chris yet...

THE LAFF N' SPIT

duriNg our stay together iN that little towN Near baltimore, we weNt to oNe show at the laff N' spit. it was a really fuckiNg cool place, everyoNe just kiNd of haNgiNg out, seemiNg to get aloNg. i didN't eveN Notice aNyoNe goiNg out of their way to trash the place, which used to be a big problem iN bostoN sometimes. ochlocracy aNd objectioN to opressioN were the two baNds i'd really waNted to see, but it's beeN so loNg aNd i'd draNk so much beer that i couldNt tell you who the other baNds were. i wish i could remember, tho. i hate wheN i eNd up doiNg that at shows. we raN iNto justiN, oNe of the kids i'd met iN bostoN wheN chris showed up...aNd i mat a rad grrl Named bri who had the same pierciNgs as me. all of the baltimore kids were super Nice, aNd after the show we weNt to alleN's haus, where there was goNNa be a party. but we were tired, so we drove back to the haus. i later fouNd out that the laff N' spit closed dowN sooN after. it's too bad that we hadN't made it to aNother show there, or at least stuck arouNd for the party, because chris hadN't really kNowN maNy of those kids either, aNd they had totally welcomed us with opeN arms.

we weNt to oceaN city for the weekeNd, to look for jobs aNd get away for a few days. we raN iNto his frieNd johN, who had a haus arouNd there aNd said we could stay with him. we both got blisters walkiNg forever iN sweaty feet, first lookiNg for work aNd theN lookiNg for his mum's vaN because we couldN't remember where exactly betweeN 1st aNd 12th we'd parked it. oceaN city was Nice to look at, but oNly if you igNored all the sNooty, suNburNt tourists. i could tell it was goiNg to be aN iNteresting summer...we fiNally got jobs at the jolly roger, the oNly amusemeNt park iN oc where they'd trust you to ruN a ride if you had pierciNgs aNd fuNNy hair...

...WITH OPEN ARMS